

*Ann Murray
in recital*

DUBLIN GRAND OPERA SOCIETY

Presents

**THE WILLIAM O'KELLY
MEMORIAL RECITAL**

ANN MURRAY — *Mezzo Soprano*

STEUART BEDFORD — *Piano*

**NATIONAL CONCERT HALL
APRIL 22nd 1991**

BIOGRAPHY – ANN MURRAY



Dublin-born Ann Murray, who studied with Frederick Cox at the Royal Manchester College of Music, is recognised internationally as one of our finest singers. Her prodigiously busy schedule means that she is at home in the leading opera houses of the world, working with the great conductors and orchestras.

She has established close links with both the English National Opera, for whom she has sung Charlotte, Rosina, Beatrice (*Beatrice and Benedict*) and the title role in the award-winning production of Handel's *Xerxes*, and with the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, where her roles have included Cherubino,

Dorabella, Rosina, Oktavian, and new productions of *L'Enfant et les Sortilèges*, *Ariadne auf Naxos* and *Idomeneo*.

Much sought after as a concert singer, she has sung with the Orchestre de Paris under Kubelik, the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra under Muti, the Chicago Symphony Orchestra under Solti, and in Vienna with Harnoncourt. She sings in Great Britain with the leading orchestras, at the BBC Promenade Concerts — where last year she was a memorable soloist at the *Last Night of the Proms* — and at the major festivals.

Her discography reflects not only her broad concert and recital repertoire but also many of her favourite operatic roles, including Purcell's Dido under Harnoncourt, Dorabella under Levine and Cherubino under Muti.

Her operatic engagements have taken her to Hamburg, Brussels, Paris, Cologne, Zurich and the Metropolitan Opera New York. She is a regular guest at the Salzburg Festival where her roles have included Nicklausse and Cherubino under Levine, Dorabella under Muti and the title role in *La cenerentola*. Her commitments away from home now centre on La Scala, Milan, the Vienna State Opera, and the Bavarian State Opera, Munich — in these Houses her repertoire has included Donna Elvira, Sextus, Dorabella and Cherubino under Muti at La Scala; Cherubino, Sextus, Elvira, the Composer and Oktavian in Munich; and Idamante, Cherubino Charlotte, Rosina, Oktavian and the Composer in Vienna.

In the 1990/91 season Ann Murray gives recitals in Paris, Brussels, Geneva, London and Vienna. As part of the World-Wide Mozart celebrations in 1991 she will appear as Cecilio (*Lucio Silla*) and Sextus in Vienna, Donna Elvira at the Munich Festival, Dorabella and Donna Elvira at the Salzburg Festival and Sifare (*Mitridate*) at Covent Garden.

Married to the tenor Philip Langridge, they make their home in Surrey with their son Jonathan.

PROGRAMME

FRANZ SCHUBERT

Nacht und Träume (Collin)	D.827
Rückweg (Mayrhofer)	D.476
Trost im Liede (Schober)	D.546
Der Zwerg (Collin)	D.771

ROBERT SCHUMANN

Four Songs Op.40
Märzveilchen
Muttertraum
Der Soldat
Der Spielmann

RICHARD STRAUSS

Three Songs of Ophelia, Op.67
Wie erkenn' ich mein Treulieb?
Guten Morgen, 's ist Sankt Valentinstag
Sie trugen ihn auf der Bahre bloss

*INTERVAL***HECTOR BERLIOZ**

Three Songs from 'Irlande', Op.2
La belle voyageuse
L'origine de la harpe
Elégie

**SAMUEL BARBER
(15'00")**

Setting of James Joyce
Rain Has Fallen
Sleep Now
I Hear An Army
Nuvoletta.

BIOGRAPHY – STEUART BEDFORD



Steuart Bedford is joint Artistic Director of the Aldeburgh Festival, a post he shares with Oliver Knussen, where he has been a regular contributor for many years. His former collaboration with Benjamin Britten and with the English Opera Group took him to San Francisco, Montreal, Australia, France, Belgium, Italy, Holland and Germany as well as in all their British seasons.

In 1973 he conducted the world premier of Britten's *Death in Venice*, followed by the recording of this work and further performances at the Edinburgh Festival, Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, in Venice, Brussels and at the Metropolitan Opera in New York.

Following his much acclaimed Met debut in 1975, Mr Bedford was invited back to New York with *The Marriage of Figaro*. He has now established a good relationship with many renowned opera houses such as Covent Garden, English National Opera, Opera North, Scottish Opera, Brussels Opera, Vancouver Opera, San Diego Opera, Santa Fe Opera Festival, Rio de Janeiro and the Teatro Colon in Buenos Aires. He has an excellent relationship with Cologne Opera and following his widely acclaimed performances of Britten's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was invited back for performances of *The Turn of the Screw* in Germany, London and France. In recent seasons Mr Bedford had an outstanding success with *La finta giardiniera* for Lausanne Opera and also conducted successful performances of *The Magic Flute* with Calgary Opera and *The Little Sweep* at the Aldeburgh Festival which was also filmed for Thames TV.

Although opera commitments take up much of his time. Steuart Bedford finds time for an ever-increasing number of concert engagement each season, both in the UK and abroad, and has toured New Zealand, South America and Scandinavia. In addition to his post as Artistic Director/Principal Conductor of the English Sinfonia Orchestra, he frequently conducts the English Chamber and Scottish Chamber Orchestras, as well having engagements with the Philharmonia, Royal Philharmonic, Northern Sinfonia, Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestras, and the BBC Orchestras. Last season he had an outstanding success with the Winnipeg Symphony and Calgary Philharmonic Orchestras and his concert with the Radio Suisse Romande Orchestra was widely acclaimed.

Mr Bedford has signed an exclusive contract with Collins Classics. He has also recorded for EMI, Decca, Philips and Chandos and conducted the music of Satie's *Socrate* with the English Sinfonia for the television film of the same name. He has made several recordings with the English Chamber Orchestra, with whom he has successfully toured in Europe and the Bahamas.

Future opera performance include *Albert Herring* for San Diego Opera, *Falstaff* for Calgary Opera, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at the Aix-en-Provence Festival and *Death in Venice* for the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. Future concerts include the Philharmonia, English Chamber Orchestra, English Sinfonia and Edmonton Symphony and Calgary Philharmonic Orchestras.

FRANZ SCHUBERT 1797-1828

Nacht und Träume / *Night and Dreams*

Matthäus von Collin D827

Heil'ge Nacht, du sinkest nieder;
Nieder wallen auch die Träume,
Wie dein Mondlicht durch die Räume,
Durch der Menschen stille Brust.
Die belauschen sie mit Lust;
Rufen, wenn der Tag erwacht:
Kehre wieder, heil'ge Nacht!
Holde Träume, kehret wieder!

*Holy night, you sink down;
Dreams, too, float down,
Like your moonlight through space,
Through the silent hearts of men.
They listen with delight,
Crying out when day awakes:
Come back, holy night!
Fair dreams, return!*

Rückweg / *The Way Back*

Johann Mayrhofer D476

Zum Donaustrom, zur Kaiserstadt
Geh'ich in Bangigkeit:
Denn was das Leben Schönes hat,
Entweichtet weit und weit.

*To the river Danube, to the imperial city
I go with apprehension;
For all that is beautiful in life
Recedes further and further behind me.*

Die Berge schwinden allgemach,
Mit ihnen Wald und Fluß;
Der Kühe Glocken läuten nach,
Und Hütten nicken Gruß.

*The mountains gradually disappear,
And with them forests and rivers;
The tinkling of cowbells lingers in the air,
And the huts nod their greeting.*

Was starrt dein Auge tränенfeucht
Hinaus in blaue Fern?
Ach, dorten weilt ich, unerreicht,
Frei unter Freien gern!

*Why do your eyes, moist with tears,
Stare out into the blue distance?
Ah, there I dwelt happily, in seclusion,
A free man among free men.*

Wo Liebe noch und Treue gilt,
Da öffnet sich das Herz;
Die Frucht an ihren Strahlen schwillt,
Und strebet himmelwärts.

*Where love and faith are still cherished
The heart will open;
The fruit will ripen in their light,
And aspire towards heaven.*

Trost im Liede / *Comfort in Song*

Franz von Schober D546

Braust des Unglücks Sturm empor,
Halt'ich meine Harfe vor,
Schützen können Saiten nicht,
Die er leicht und schnell durchbricht:
Aber durch des Sanges Tor
Schlägt er milder an mein Ohr.

*When the tempest of misfortune roars,
I hold up my harp.
Strings cannot protect,
The storm breaks them swiftly and easily,
But through the portals of song
It strikes my ear more gently.*

Sanfte Laute hör'ich klingen,
Die mir in die Seele dringen,
Die mir auf des Wohllauts Schwingen
Wunderbare Tröstung bringen.

Und ob Klagen mir entschweben,
Ob ich still und schmerzlich weine,
Fühl'ich mich doch so ergeben,
Dass ich fest und gläubig meine:
Es gehört zu meinem Leben,
Dass sich Schmerz und Freude eine.

*I hear sweet sounds
That pierce my soul;
On the wings of harmony
They bring me mysterious comfort.*

*And even if threnodies escape my lips,
And I weep in silence and sorrow,
Yet I feel such humility
That I firmly and devoutly believe
It is part of my life
That pain and joy are mingled.*

Der Zwerg / The Dwarf

Matthäus von Collin D771

Im trüben Licht verschwinden schon die
Berge,
Es schwebt das Schiff auf glatten
Meereswogen,
Worauf die Königin mit ihrem Zwerge.
Sie schaut empor zum hochgewölbten
Bogen,
Hinauf zur licht durch wirkten blauen
Ferne,
Die mit der Milch des Himmels blass
durchzogen.

Nie, nie habt ihr mir gelogen noch, ihr
Sterne,
So ruft sie aus, bald werd'ich nun
entschwinden,
Ihr sagt es mir, doch sterb'ich wahrlich
gerne.

Da tritt der Zwerg zur Königin, mag
binden
Um ihren Hals die Schnur von roter
Seide,
Und weint, als wollt'er schnell vor Gram
erblinden.

Er spricht: Du selbst bist schuld an
diesem Leide,
Weil um den König du mich hast
verlassen,
Jetzt weckt dein Sterben einzig mir noch
Freude.

Zwar werd'ich ewiglich mich selber
hassen,
Der dir mit dieser Hand den Tod
gegeben,
Doch musst zum frühen Grab du nun
erlassen.

*In the dim light the mountains already
fade;
The ship drifts on the sea's smooth swell,
With the queen and her dwarf on board.*

*She gazes up at the high arching vault,
At the blue distance, interwoven with
light,
Streaked with the pale milky way.*

*'Stars, never yet have you lied to me.'
She cries out. 'Soon now I shall be no
more.
You tell me so; yet in truth I shall die
gladly.'*

*Then the dwarf comes up to the queen,
begins
To tie the cord of red silk about her neck,
And weeps, as if he would soon go blind
with grief.*

*He speaks: 'You are yourself to blame for
this suffering,
Because you have forsaken me for the
king;
Now your death alone can revive joy
within me.'*

*'Though I shall forever hate myself
For having brought you death by this
hand,
Yet now you must grow pale for an early
grave.'*

Sie legt die Hand aufs Herz voll jungem
Leben,
Und aus dem Aug'die schweren Tränen
rinnen,
Das sie zum Himmel betend will
erheben.

Mögst du nicht Schmerz durch meinen
Tod gewinnen!
Sie sagt's, da küsst der Zwerg die
bleichen Wangen,
D'rauf alsbald vergehen ihr die Sinnen.

Der Zwerg schaut an die Frau, vom Tod
befangen,
Er senkt sie tief ins Meer mit eig'nem
Händen.
Ihm brennt nach ihr das Herz so voll
Verlangen,
An keiner Küste wird er je mehr landen.

*She lays her hand on her heart, so full of
youthful life,
And heavy tears flow from her eyes
Which she would raise to heaven in
prayer.*

*'May you reap no sorrow from my
death!'
She says; then the dwarf kisses her pale
cheeks,
Whereupon her senses fade*

*The dwarf looks upon the lady in the grip
of death;
He lowers her with his own hands deep
into the sea.
His heart burns with such longing for
her.
He will never again land on any shore.*

ROBERT SCHUMANN 1810-1856

Hans Christian Andersen
Trans. A. von Chamisso

Märzveilchen / March violets Op. 40 No. 1

Der Himmel wölbt sich rein und blau,
Der Reif stellt Blumen aus zur Schau.
Am Fenster prangt ein flimmernder Flor.
Ein Jüngling steht, ihn betrachtend,
davor.

Und hinter den Blumen blühet noch gar
Ein blaues, ein lächelndes Augenpaar.
Märzveilchen, wie jener noch keine
gesehn!
Der Reif wird angehaucht zergehn.

Einsblumen fangen zu schmelzen an,
Und Gott sei gnädig dem junger Mann!

*The sky arches blue and clear,
the frost makes flower patterns
on the window-pane.
A lad stands admiring them.*

*And behind the flowers
are two laughing blue eyes;
violets, the sweetest ever seen!
The frost will soon vanish:*

*Its flowers are already melting:
God be gracious to the young man!*

Trans. Richard Jackson

Muttertraum / The Mother's Dream Op. 40 No. 2

Die Mutter betet herzig und schaut
Entzückt auf den schlummernden
Kleinen.
Er ruht in der Wiege so sanft und traut.
Ein Engel muss er ihr scheinen.

Sie Küsst ihn und herzt ihn, sie hält sich
kaum.
Vergessen der irdischen Schmerzen,
Es schweift in der Zukunft ihr
Hoffnungstraum.
So träumen Mütter im Herzen.

Der Rab indes mit der Sippschaft sein
Kreischt draussen am Fenster die Weise:
Dein Engel, dein Engel wird unser sein,
Der Räuber dient uns zur Speise.

*The mother prays fervently and gazes
fondly at her sleeping child.
He rests in the cradle so gently, so safely,
he seems like an angel to her.*

*She kisses him, caresses him, her heart
overflows.
Oblivious of earthly woes,
hopeful dreams hover in the future.
Thus mothers dream in their hearts.*

*Meanwhile the raven with its cronies
croaks outside the window this song:
Your angel, your angel will be ours,
the thief will be ours for meat.*

Trans. Richard Jackson

Der Soldat / *The Soldier*

Op. 40 No. 3

Es geht bei gedämpfter Trommel Klang:
Wie weit noch die Stätte!
Der Weg wie lang!
O wär er zu Ruh und alles vorbei!
Ich glaub', es bricht mir das Herz
entzwei!

Ich hab' in der Welt nur ihn geliebt,
Nur ihn, dem jetzt man den Tod doch
gibt!
Bei klingendem Spiele wird paradiert:
Dazu bin auch ich kommandiert.

Nun schaut er auf zum letzten Mal
Im Gottes Sonne freudigen Strahl;
Nun binden sie ihm die Augen zu:
Dir schenke Gott die ewige Ruh!

Es haben die Neun wohl angelegt:
Acht Kugeln haben vorbeigefegt,
Sie zitterten alle vor Jammer und
Schmerz:
Ich aber, ich traf ihn mitten in das Herz!

*We march to the sound of a muffled
drum;
how far away the place! How long the
road!
If only he were at rest and it were all
over!
My heart will surely break in two!*

*He was my only friend in the world
and he is to die today!
The firing squad parades with full band:
I must be one of the party.*

*Now he is looking for the last time
on the light of day,
now he is being blindfolded —
God grant you eternal rest!*

*There the nine of us took aim:
eight bullets shot past him,
for the others trembled with grief,
but mine hit him right in the heart.*

Trans. Richard Jackson

Der Spielmann / *The Fiddler*

Op. 40 No. 4

In Städtchen gibt es des Jubels viel,
Da halten sie Hochzeit mit Tanz und mit
Spiel.
Dem Fröhlichen blinket der Wein so rot,
Die Braut nur gleicht dem getünchten
Tod.

Ja tot für den, den nicht sie vergisst,
Der doch beim Fest nicht Bräutigam ist:
Da steht er inmitten der Gäste im Krug,
Und streichelt die Geige lustig genug.

Er streichelt die Geige, sein Haar ergraut,
Es schwingen die Saiten gellend und
laut,
Er drückt sie ans Herz und achtet es
nicht,
Ob auch sie in tausend Stücken
zerbricht.

*In the little town is much rejoicing,
a wedding with revel and dance.
For the happy man the wine sparkles red,
the bride looks like whitewashed death.*

*She is dead for him she cannot forget,
who is at the feast not as groom.
among the guests at the inn he stands,
caressing his fiddle merrily enough.*

*Caressing his fiddle, hair turning grey,
the strings shrilling and loud,
squeezing it to his heart, heedless
if it smash in a thousand pieces.*

Es ist gar grausig, wenn einer so stirbt,
Wenn jung sein Herz um Freude noch
wirbt.
Ich mag und will nicht länger es sehn!
Das möchte den Kopf mir schwindelnd
verdrehn!

Wer heisst euch mit Fingern zeigen auf
mich?
O Gott — bewahr uns gnädiglich,
Dass keinen der Wahnsinn übermannt.
Bin selber ein armer Musikant.

*Hideous it is for one to die thus,
heart young and still wooing joy.
I cannot, will not, watch any more!
My head might be set in a fatal whirl!*

*Who said to point a finger at me?
O God, graciously preserve us
from being overcome with madness!
I myself am a poor musician.*

RICHARD STRAUSS 1864-1949

William Shakespeare
Trans. by Karl Simrock

Erstes Lied der Ophelia / *Ophelia's First Song* Op. 67 No. 1

Wie erkenn ich mein Treulieb
Vor andern nun?
An dem Muschelhut und Stab
Und den Sandalschuhn.

Er ist tot und lange hin,
Tot. und hin, Fraulein!
Ihm zu Haupten grünes Gras,
Ihm zu Fuss ein Stein. (Oho)

Auf seinem Bahrtuch, weiss wie Schnee,
Viel liebe Blumen tauern.
Sie gehn zu Grabe nass,
O weh! vor Liebesschauern.

*How should I your true love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff
And his sandal shoon.*

*He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone,
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.*

*White his shroud as the mountain snow
Larded all with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did not go
With true love showers.*

Zweiter Lied der Ophelia / *Ophelia's Second Song* Op. 67 No. 2

Guten Morgen,' s ist Sankt Valentinstag
So fruh vor Sonnenschein.
Ich junge Maid am Fensterschlag
Will Euer Valentin sein.
Der junge Mann tut
Hosen an,
Tät auf die Kammertur,
Liess ein die Maid, die als Maid
Ging nimmermehr herfür

Bei Sankt Niklas und Charitas!
Ein unvershämt Geschlecht!
Eir junger Mann tut's,
wenn er kann,
Furwahr, das ist nicht recht.
Sie sprach: Eh Ihr gescherzt mit mir,
Verspracht. Ihr mich zu frein.

Ich bracht's auch nieht.
beim Sonnenlicht.
Wärst du nicht kommen herein.

*Tomorrow is St. Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.
Then up he rose,
and donn'd his clothes
And dupp'd the chamber door,
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.*

*By Gis and by Saint Charity,
Alack and fie for shame!
Young men will do't,
if they come to't,
By cock, they are to blame.
Quoth she, before you tumble me,
You promised me to wed.*

*(He answers)
So would I ha' done,
by yonder sun,
And thou hadst not come to my bed.*

Drittes Lied der Ophelia / Ophelia's Third Song

Op. 67 No. 3

Sic trugen ihn auf der Bahre bloss,
Leider, ach leider, den Liebsten!
Manche Träne fiel in des Grabes Schoss-
Fahr wohl, fahr wohl, meine Taube.

Mein junger frischer Hansel ist's,
Der mir gefällt —

Und kommt er nimmermehr?
Er ist tot, o weh!
In dein Todbett geh,
Er kommt dir nimmermehr.
Sein Bart war weiss wie Schnee,
Sein Haupt wie Flachs dazu.
Er ist hin, er ist hin,
Kein Trauern bringt Gewinn:
Mit seiner Seele Ruh
Und mit allen Christenseelen!
Darum bet ich! Gott sei mit euch!

*They bore him barefac'd on the bier:
Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny;
And in his grave rained many a tear,
Fare you well my dove!*

*For bonnie sweet Robin
Is all my joy.*

*And will a' not come again?
No, no, he is dead,
Go to thy death bed,
He never will come again.
His beard was as white as snow,
Flaxen was his poll;
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan,
God ha' mercy on his soul!
And of all Christian souls,
I pray God. God be wi' you.*

HECTOR BERLIOZ 1803-1869

THREE SONGS FROM 'IRELANDE', Op 2. Thomas Moore translated Berlioz

La Belle Voyageuse

Elle s'en va seulette:
L'or brille à son bandeau:
Au bout de sa baguette
Etincelle un joyeau.
Mais sa beauté surpassé
L'éclat de ses rubis,
Et sa blancheur efface
La perle au blanc de lys

Belle, ainsi sans injure,
Penses-tu voyager?
Ta beauté, ta parure
Apellent le danger
Les mains les plus fidèles
Tressaillent devant l'or,
Et les coeurs près des belles
Tiennent bien moins encor.

Aux regards découverts
Son souris virginal
Par toute l'île verte
Lui servit de fanal
Aussi l'as-tu bénie,
Des harpes doux pays,
Celle qui se confie
A l'honneur de tes filles
La la lalerala

*Rich and rare were the gems she wore
And a bright gold ring on her wand she
bore:
But oh! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems, or snow-white wand*

*"Lady! dost though not fear to stray,
So lone and lovely through this bleak
way?
Are Érin's sons so good or so cold,
As not to be tempted by woman or
gold?"*

*Oh she went and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the green
isle.
And blest for ever is she who relied
On Erin's honour, and Erin's pride!*

L'Origine de la Harpe

Cette Harpe chérie, à te chanter fidèle,
Etais une Sirène, à la voix douce et belle.
On l'entendait au fond des eaux:
Aux approches du soir, glissant sur le
rivage,
Elle venait chercher, couverte d'un
nuage,
Son amant parmi les roseaux

*'Tis believ'd that this Harp which I wake
now for thee
Was a Siren of old, who sung under the
sea:
And who, often at eve, thro' the bright
billow rov'd
To meet, on the green shore, a youth
whom she lov'd.*

Hélas! elle aimait seule, et ses larmes
brillantes
Baignèrent bien des nuits ses tresses
ondoyantes,
Doux trésors à l'amour si chers.
Mais une flamme pure au Ciel précieuse
Il transforma soudain en Harpe
harmonieuse
La plaintive vierge des mers.

Aussi pendant longtemps cette Harpe
chérie
Disait-elle à la fois la sombre rêverie,
Et d'amour les plaisirs discrets.
Elle soupire encor la joie et la tristesse:
Quand je suis près de toi, les accords
d'allégresse:
Loin de toi, le chant des regrets.

*But she lov'd him in vain, for he left her
to weep,
And in tears all the night, her gold
ringlets to steep,
Till Heav'n look'd, with pity, on true-love
so warm,
And chang'd to this soft Harp the sea-
maiden's form!*

*Hence it came, that this soft Harp so long
hath been known
To mingle love's language with sorrow's
sad tone:
Till thou didst divide them, and teach the
fond lay
To be love, when I'm near thee, and grief
when away!*

Elégie

Quand celui qui t'adore
N'aura laissé derrière lui
Que le nom de sa faute
Et de ses douleurs, oh! dis, dis,
Pleureras-tu s'ils noircissent
La mémoire d'une vie
Qui fut livrée pour toi?
Oui, pleure, pleure!
Et quel que soit l'arrêt
De mes ennemis,
Tes larmes l'effaceront;
Car le Ciel est témoin que,
Coupable envers eux,
Je ne fus que trop fidèle pour toi.

Tu fus l'idole de mes rêves d'amour;
Chaque pensée de ma raison t'appartenait;
Dans mon humble et dernière prière
Ton nom sera mêlé avec le mien.
Oh! bénis soient les amis,
Oui bénis soient les amants
Qui vivront pour voir
Les jours de ta gloire!
Mais après cette joie,
La plus chère faveur
Que puisse accorder le ciel,
C'est l'orgueil de mourir
Pour toi!

*When he who adores thee
has left but the name
Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
O! say wilt thou weep,
when they darken the fame
Of a life
that for thee was resign'd!
Yes, weep,
and however my foes
may condemn.
Thy tears will efface their decree;
For, heaven can witness,
though guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee!*

*With thee were the dreams of my earliest
love;
Every thought of my reason was thine:
In my last humble prayer to the spirit
above
Thy name shall be mingled with mine!
and friends
who shall live
The days of thy glory to see;
But the next dearest blessing
that heaven can give
Is the pride of thus dying for thee.*

SAMUEL BARBER 1910-1981

SETTINGS OF JAMES JOYCE

Rain Has Fallen

Rain has fallen all the day.
O come among the laden trees:
The leaves lie thick upon the way
Of mem'ries.

Staying a little by the way
Of mem'ries shall we depart.
Come, my beloved, where I may
Speak to your heart.

Sleep Now

Sleep now, O sleep now,
O you unquiet heart!
A voice crying "Sleep now"
Is heard in my heart.
The voice of the winter
Is heard at the door.
O sleep, for the winter
Is crying "Sleep no more,
Sleep no more, sleep no more".
My kiss will give peace now
And quiet to your heart
Sleep on in peace now,
O you unquiet heart.

I Hear An Army

I hear an army charging upon the land,
And the thunder of horses plunging, foam about their knees:
Arrogant, in black armour, behind them stand,
Disdaining the reins, with fluttering whips, the charioteers.

They cry unto the night their battle-name:
I moan in sleep when I hear afar their whirling laughter.
They cleave the gloom of dreams, a blinding flame,
Clanging, clanging upon the heart as upon an anvil.

They come shaking in triumph their long, green hair:
They come out of the sea and run shouting by the shore.
My heart, have you no wisdom thus to despair?
My love, my love, my love, why have you left me alone?

Nuvoletta

Nuvoletta in her light dress, spunn of sisteen shimmers, was looking down on them, leaning over the bannisters and list'ning all she childishly could...

She was alone. All her nubied companions were asleeping with the squir'l's...

She tried all the winsome wonsome ways her four winds had taught her. She tossed her sfumastelliacinous hair like *la princesse de la Petite Bretagne* and she rounded her mignons arms like Missis Cornwallis-West and she smiled over herself like the image of the pose of the daughter of the Emperour of Irelande and she sighed after herself as were she born to bride with Tristis, Tristior, Tristissimus. But sweet madonine she might fair as well have carried her daisy's worth to Florida....

Oh, how it was duusk. From Valee Maraia to Grasyaplaina dormimust echo— Ah dew! Ah dew! It was so duusk tha the tears of night began to fall, first by ones and twos, then by threes and fours, at last by fives and sixes of sevens, for the tired ones were wecking; as we weep now with them.

O! O! O! Par la pluie...

Then Nuvoletta reflected for the last time in her little long life and she made up all her myriads of drifting minds in one. She cancelled all her engauzements. She climbed over the bannisters; she gave a childy cloudy cry: *Nuée! Nuée!*

A light dress fluttered. She was gone.



